

The Green - Gold



Published by the Students
of the
West Rutland High School

Vol. IV

JUNE, 1931

No. 3

DERNIER AND LABELLE

Ice Cream Parlor

Confectionery, Notions

Magazines

Boston and New York Sunday Papers

**We are ready to serve you
Graduates**

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COMPLIMENTS

Of

CLASS OF '31

PROPERTY OF: WRHS Alumni

The Green and Gold

A quarterly publication issued by

THE STUDENTS OF WEST RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

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Volume IV.

JUNE, 1931

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THE STAFF

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THE GREEN AND GOLD STAFF



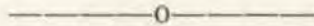
Editorials



TO THE SENIOR CLASS

As is customary, the last issue of the "Green and Gold Magazine" is dedicated to the graduating class. The Class Will, Prophecy, Poem, and Pastime are printed therein as a keepsake. For when we grow old and grey, as no doubt we will sooner or later, it will be an hour of very pleasant reading and will bring back fond memories of our high school days to pick up a copy of the June, 1931 issue of the "Green and Gold Magazine", glance back through the pages which have grown yellow with age and say to the grandchild who has climbed upon our knees, "There you are sonny. That's what grandpa looked like when he was a young lad."

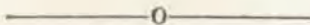
—Hubert Humphreys '31.



A GOOD FRIEND

To have just one good friend is one of the highest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings. Friendship does not depend upon liking, imagination or sentiment, but upon character. There is no one so humble that he is not rich if he has a friend; there is no one so rich that he is not poor without a friend. Friendship sometimes is merely a word to cover kindly and impermanent relationships, but real friendship is abiding. To seek friendship, one must cultivate faithful affection and clearness in judgment. The art of making friends is a gift to some while to others it is an acquirement. Acquaintanceship is like a ladder to be ascended, and only a coward gives up before he has reached the top. But to have a true friend is the greatest of earth's gifts and to be a real friend is worthy of renown.

—Mary Tuohy '33.



ON ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS

"Say, Maw, I'm going to become strong. And do you know how? I'm going to write to Mr. I. M. Musclebound, the strongest man in the world. See his picture and advertisement right here on the second page. It says, 'Send only \$.10 and I will add two inches to your biceps in a month.' Gee, Maw, wouldn't that be great?"

How many times have mothers of twelve year old sons heard that statement? Several, I'll wager. And after handing over the large

sum of \$.10 to the jubilant youth who insists that the advertisement is not a fake, she gives a wistful shake of her head as if to say, "Good-bye forever," to the dime.

The youth might possibly receive a book with pictures of the modern Hercules and a letter advising him to send \$30 with which to purchase the marvelous volume at a special price. Then again he might receive a tape measure with which to add the two inches.

Isn't it remarkable how human beings who pride themselves on having an average amount of intelligence will fall for that old "Line of bologna"? Another favorite trick of quack salesmen is to offer a huge sum of money, say \$5,000 to the one who can find the two faces that look exactly alike. Just as though anyone is foolish enough to give away something for nothing. But, never-the-less some will hunt for a couple of minutes, find the two faces, mail the coupon, and wait anxiously for the cash prize of \$5,000 which never shows up.

Now by the past two paragraphs don't mistake me. There are many "quack" advertisements, but then again there are those by which you can obtain good positions from dependable employers. Don't think for a minute, however, that you're going to get rich quick. For no one is throwing money away. If he is, he should have his head examined. Most people, now, throw money away like a man with no arms.

And, don't think that by sending a quarter you can be cured of an affliction that your dependable home-town physician is unable to better. A lady might send that sum to learn how to get rid of excess fat. But in all probability she'd receive an answer telling her to "sell it to the soapman."

Isn't it rather amusing to read some of the different advertisements in magazines? Several people, when a new issue comes out, turn at once to the advertising section. In the business of selling these magazines there is a certain bit of advertising, too. Much depends upon the picture on the cover whether one copy or ten leave the counter. The picture must be made appealing to the eye, and any magazine that can go a whole summer without the picture of a bathing beauty upon its front cover should be given a leather medal.

You may read any number of times, how this brand of a certain thing is worth more than that one, or you are constantly warned to demand a certain make of an article which is \$.10 more than other makes. But, while some makes or brands may be worth more than others, keep in mind that printer's ink costs something too.

Hubert S. Humphreys '31



Literary



THE TRAGEDY IN ROOM 49.

All was quiet and peaceful along the corridor of the second floor of the Moreritz Hotel. A bell boy was dosing in a chair at one end, while snores issued forth from several of the bed-rooms. Suddenly one of the doors was thrust open!

"Bell-boy! Bell-boy, come here quick," shouted an elderly lady as she came rushing out into the hall-way in her nightgown, slippers, and night-cap. "Oh dear! Oh dear! Some one is being murdered in room 49 right next to mine. I know it. I know it. I just heard him call for help. He was screaming at the top of his lungs."

The bell-boy remained dead to the world; so she gave him a terrific shove. "Aw, can't you give me a chance to sleep? You folks ain't got no compassion for us poor bell-hops'., yawned the boys in brass buttons as the old lady gave him another shove that brought him fully to his senses. "What do you want now? A glass of water?"

"It's in this room; come over here quick," she screamed.

"What's in that room," he growled, rather angry at being awakened from his pleasant dreams.

"Oh, its terrible. If you could just hear him holler as I heard him, you would think so."

"What's terrible? Who is hollering?" questioned the bell-boy, becoming a little more interested.

"The man in No. 49. I heard him. He woke me up," trembled the old lady, grabbing the bell-boy by the collar and dragging him over to the door of the room in question.

They both put their ears up to the door and listened for a few seconds. Sure enough, in one of the rooms at the farther end could be heard someone dancing around and displaying a wonderful vocabulary of curses. He seemed to be shouting at something that was hurting him, but it was impossible to tell from his outcries whether it was man, beast or weapon.

They tried the door. It was locked.

"Call a cop," cried the bell-boy; and the old lady started for the stairs.

Before she had gone far, however, she noticed that she was not dressed for the street, and back she came at full speed grabbing the bell-boy by the arm and sending him pell-mell down the stairs.

She then started for the door again. Being unsuccessful a second time at breaking it open she raced back and forth, up and down the hall. Heads began poking out of the other rooms, and by the time the bell-boy arrived with the cop quite a crowd had collected in front of room 49.

The old lady was in their midst letting her imagination run away with her as she gave an explanation of how the poor fellow was being tortured.

"Phwat's going on here?" scowled the cop in a deep Irish brogue as he came panting up the stairs with the bell-boy.

The old lady told her story amid many moans and groans while the other boarders listened with open mouths.

"Sure and ye say the door won't open, heh. Well let's break it open," ordered the cop.

Several men in their night-gowns volunteered, and before long the door gave way. They all tumbled into the room with the cop on the bottom.

Straight ahead of them a door opened into a bathroom revealing a fellow in pajamas who was rubbing his eyes for all he was worth. "Blank blank this blankity blank soap," cursed the fellow in pajamas. "Why did I ever use this kind? I always get it in my eyes. Oh boy! Does it smart!" he cried as he began dancing around the room waving a towel and giving a few more curses at the top of his lungs.

The cop had just untangled himself from the jumble. "Say, who's being murdered in here? he roared waving his billy club as though he were going to meet a pack of wolves.

The fellow in pajamas looked up in astonishment. Seeing the mob of people standing on the outer threshold, and noticing that he only had a pajamas, he slammed the bathroom door and bolted it.

"Sure and it bates the dutch," muttered the cop scratching his head, as the people filed slowly out of the room rather disappointed at not having seen a murder.

—Hubert Humphreys '31.

THE GREAT BASEBALL GAME BETWEEN THE TROJANS AND THE ROMANS.

It was a fine day. Why shouldn't it be? It was the day that the Trojan Tigers were to play the Roman Bears. And, as I said before, it was a great day.

Julius Caesar, the lanky first sacker for the Bears was hurriedly donning his uniform. His old side-kick, T. Publicus Valerius, was in the locker-room with him. Addressing his friend, Valerius asked, not

without anger, "Didst at any time, Julius, see anyone make away with my sweatshirt? Some churl hath done a foul deed, and by Jupiter, shouldst I find the knave, I will wring his neck till it resembleth a string of First Prize Sausages."

"Cease, my friend," quote Julie, "thy sweatshirt is on thine own back. Also save thy wind so that we may beat the Tigers to a frizzle." (A frizzle is Latin for frazzle) "Make thou it snappy," answered T. V. P. "for the game starts at 2:30, Eastern Standard Time." Saying this he stepped out the door onto the field.

The old Colosseum was packed. There was hardly room in which to stand. The umpire for this great game was Hercules. They needed him too, for no one dared talk back to him. The announcer then stood up and held out his hand for silence. With one accord, the noise stopped, and the announcer began reading the players' names and positions. The list was as follows:

Trojan Tigers

Roman Bears

Ajax, Pitcher	Pitcher, T. Valerius Procillius
Achilles, Catcher	Catcher, Publicus Crassus
Hector, 1st base	1st base, Julius Caesar
Atlas, 2nd base	2nd base, T. Labienus'
Romulus, 3rd base	3rd base, Lucius Scipius
Remus, short stop	short stop, Brutus
Hannibal, r. field	r. field, Marcus Tullius Cicero
Apollo, l. field	l. field, Ariovistus
Perseus, c. field	c. field, Pompey

After the names and positions had been read, the cheers that greeted the players would have made any heavy-weight boxer jealous. As the Tigers were at the bat first, the Romans took the field. Everything was ready, the whistle blew, and the game was on.

T. Valerius Procillus (we'll call him T. V. for short) wound up and sent a spinner to Hector who was at the bat. Hector with marvelous aim hit the catcher (Publicus Crassus) in the knuckles. Publicus let the ball go by and began dancing around the field with his hand in his mouth. Hector, instead of running, stood as if he were petrified, looking at the catcher. An ovation from the stands brought him to. The spectators rose and shouted, "Run, thou simp." Then did Hecky start. With a mighty roar he ran down to first so fast that his shoe became untied. Stopping to swear at it, he afterwards reached first, only to find that Julie had the ball and was laughing at the outraged Hecky.

The rest of the Tigers struck out, and the Romans came in for

their hits. Luke Scipius was first. Ajax, the crafty twirler for the Trojans, let a nifty spitball swing toward Lukie. With a mighty effort he socked the ball over second into center field. Perseus, a gifted fielder, made a try for the ball, but he missed it. When, however, he finally got it, Lukie was safely on third

Chagrined, but hiding his feelings, he threw the ball to the pitcher. Julie was up next. The first one he let go by, but the second he ticked. Then the third one came over. Julius made a mighty swing as the ball came over the plate, and with all his strength gathered together, he began to run. In no time at all he was on first, then second, then third, and next home. Imagine his surprise when he found that he had missed the ball and had spent all his time running around for nothing. That made one out for the Romans. Brutus, the short stop, came next and was struck out by Ajax's shrewd twirling. Finally, Ariovistus, the big German, missed a tossed ball, and put the Romans into the field again.

Romulus, the big brute that played 3rd base for the Tigers, was up to bat. T. V., with a knuckle ball, allowed him to get to first. Next came Hannibal. He, with marvelous dexterity, placed the pill between the short stop's legs and made a two bagger. Two men on bases, and Ajax, the pitcher for the Tigers was up next. He hit a nifty one to center field and made first. Three men on bases, and Apollo, the dark horse of the Tigers came up. The stands were hushed. T. V. wound up and threw the best curve of the game. Apollo hit a fly to Marcus Tullius Cicero, the right fielder. The men on bases stood still, not knowing whether to run or not. Out in the field, Marcus was running for all he was worth to get under the fly. He put out his hand and caught it. Then without batting his eye, (what would he want to bat his eye for?) he threw it to first (I mean the ball of course, not his eye). He caught Apollo short on first. Then Julie tossed the ball to the second baseman and got Hannibal deal on the second sack. Romulus started running home, then seeing that the fly had been caught, started back, but it was too late. Luke Scipius had the ball and was grinning at him. A triple play! There was an awful hubbub. The Tigers came out for the Bears with murder in their eyes. The bears started for the Tigers with a battle-cry ringing in their ears. Poor Hercules, the umpire had his hands full. And that, gentle readers, was how the Peloponnesian wars were started. This is how the Roman Empire fell, how Caesar was put on the spot by the Tigers, and above all, that is why the Romans never played a return game.

Words and Music by

—Bill O'Neil '33.



Seniors



CLASS OF 1931

BRUNO ACCORSI

"SNOWBALL"

Commercial Course

Baseball 4; Basketball 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 4; Glee Club.

You surely are a great sport, "Snowball," but, Good Heavens! You do have terrible luck with your love affairs.



ALBERTA AINES

"BERTIE"

Commercial Course

Glee Club; Dramatics.

"Bertie," you ought to have a secretary to keep track of all the mail that you have received since you accepted your new position. The best of luck to you always.



HARRY ANDERSON

"SANDY"

Latin Course

School chorus; Baseball 4.

"Sandy," who changed your opinion of the girls since you became a dignified Senior? We never see "Sandy" without a smile on his face.



RITA BAKER

"SHRIMP"

General Course

Glee Club; Prize-Speaking; Dramatics; Basketball 2, 3; Exchange Editor of "Green and Gold Magazine"; Class History.

Rita has a great time with all of her boy friends, thinking of how she is going to break a date. Rita is always getting someone out of a fix.



ANNA BRINK

"BABE"

Commercial Course

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Manager 3; Captain 4; Dramatics; Reporter on "Green and Gold Magazine"; Staff of "Green and Gold News"; Class Pastime; Glee Club; Honor Student.

Anna was in her delight when her basketball team won a game. She is full of "pep" and always seeing the funny side of things.



WILLIAM BURKE

"BILL"

General Course

President of Class; Dramatics; Prize-Speaking.

He just can't keep the girls from rushing him because it was once said that he resembled Lindbergh. "Bill" is president of our class.



DORCAS CHAPMAN

"DOT"

General Course

School chorus; Dramatics.

"Dot" wouldn't miss one of those Friday night dances for the world, would you, "Dot?"



MARGUERITE DUDLEY

"MARG"

Commercial Course

Vice-President of Class; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Associate-Editor of the "Green and Gold Magazine"; Editor of the "Green and Gold News"; Honor Student; Class Phoprecy; Glee Club; Dramatics; Dance Committee.

"Marg" is serious in everything she undertakes and she always succeeds. She was always "Johnnie on the spot" whenever there was any work for the school to be done. She made a very good editor of the "Green and Gold News." "Marg" certainly did have a terrible time keeping her dates from interfering.



HEDWIDGE FIRLIET

"HEDDIE"

Commercial Course

Glee Club; Dramatics.

"Heddie" is a quiet girl who attends to her studies with much diligence. She enjoys Mr. Morey's classes very much.



DORIS FISH

"DO"

Commercial Course

Glee Club; Dramatics.

"Do"—if there was a prize for the fastest walker in school, you would surely get it. For the past few months, the Senior class has been thinking seriously of donating Doris a pair of felt slippers; you can always hear her coming.



GAYLORD FISH

"FISH"

Commercial Course

Football 3, 4; School Chorus.

Gaylord comes to school every day in his "Essex" after he delivers the milk. His one wish is to become a great football star.



CONSTANCE GIBBS

"CONNIE"

Latin Course

School Chorus; Salutatorian; Prize-Speaking; Basketball 1; Alumni Editor of "Green and Gold Magazine."

"Connie" uses the family Ford for general delivery truck. "Connie" is intending to go to Middlebury to make a name for herself.



NELLIE GRAHAM

"NELLIE"

General Course

School Chorus.

Nellie is quiet and unassuming. She is a very good student. If you want a sincere friend—take Nellie.



EUGENE GREMBO

"GENE"

Latin Course

Glee Club; Treasurer of Class; Honor Student; Class Prophecy; Dramatics; Athletic Editor of "Green and Gold Magazine"; Basketball 1, 2; Football 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Track 4.

"Gene" has certainly done his share to put W. R. H. S. on the map. He makes it a practice of having little spats with his girl friend.



WALTER HYJECK

"GOOSE"

Commercial Course

School Chorus; Football 1, 2, 3, 4.

"Goose" is forever being kidded about his school-girl complexion, but he can't help it.



HUBERT HUMPHREYS

Latin Course

Prize-Speaking; Dramatics; Honor Student; Editor of "Green and Gold Magazine"; Staff of "Green and Gold News"; Glee Club; Class History; Football 3, 4; Basketball 1; Play Committee.

"Bud" is always being teased about one certain girl. Too bad, isn't it? "Bud" is also our tennis champion.

"BUD"

FRANK KEMPISTI

Latin Course

Baseball 3, 4; School Chorus.

"Billy" has always been very serious concerning his school work but he has shown a good interest in athletics as well. He will always try until he succeeds.

"BILLY"

GERTRUDE KERRIGAN

Commercial Course

Glee Club; dramatics; basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; News Editor of "Green and Gold Magazine"; staff of "Green and Gold News"; class will; prize-speaking.

"Gert" is the "breezy" type, very outspoken, liked by everyone, small and big; always ready to lend a helping hand. And in the plays, she goes over big! They'll miss Gert in W. R. H. S.

"GERT"

EDWARD McLAUGHLIN

General Course

School chorus; dramatics; basketball 3, 4; class poem; dance committee.

"Floppers" makes a perfect clergyman, as his performances in "Meet Uncle Sally" and "Stop Thief" show. He is also quite a poet.

"FLOPPERS"

ELIZABETH McLAUGHLIN

Latin Course

Valedictorian; school chorus; dramatics; basketball 1, 2; prize-speaking; play committee.

This young lady walked right away with all of the honors. She was studious and very, very serious. We know you'll succeed, "Libby."

"LIBBY"

BERNARD MEYERS

General Course

School Chorus; Business Manager of "Green and Gold News"; Joke Editor of "Green and Gold Magazine"; Manager of Basketball Team 4.

"Bernie" is very industrious. Often he stayed after school until 6:00 at night to finish the paper. We'll give credit wherever it's due, and Bernie certainly deserves it.

"BERNIE"

VIRGINIA NOYES

General Course

Glee Club; Dramatics; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Staff of "Green and Gold News"; Class Song.

"Gena" has a hard time keeping her affairs straightened out. After every play she was in, she blossomed out with a new romance. That's going some.

"GENA"

THELMA PARKS

General Course

School Chorus.

Another quiet girl from that small western town—a hard worker and she always succeeds.

"THELMA"

THEODORE PAWLUSIAK

Commercial Course

Football 1, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4.

Anna sure likes her "Teddy." He's her favorite plaything. It certainly was his pastime to pester the teachers.

"TEDDY"

STANLEY PIETRYKA

Commercial Course

Glee Club; Basketball 3; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; Track 3, 4.

We wonder how you got your nickname, "Sloppy." It certainly doesn't show in your athletic work. Many a time you have saved the day for W. R. H. S. by your timely homerun or touchdown or whatever the case might be. Keep going, you're on the right track. And you had a steady job escorting a certain young lady to and from school daily. Did he like it? Ask him!

"SLOPPY"

HARVEY PIPER

Latin Course

School Chorus; Track 2, 3.

"Hip" had a very hard time trying to get to school on time every morning. But he never did. You need a new alarm clock, "Hip."

"HIP"

PAULINE ROOT

General Course

School Chorus.

Pauline is a quiet girl who comes from Castleton, that lovely, little town. She is a "hello" girl, drives her own car to school every day, and is very generous about giving the boys a ride home.

"PAULINE"

JOSEPHINE ROSMUS

Commercial Course

Glee Club; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Dramatics; Dance Committee.

The first thing you notice about "Jo" is her lovely, brown curls. They were the pride and joy of our high school for 4 too-short years.

"JO"

VICTOR SEVIGNY

Latin Course

Glee Club; Honor Student; Class Will; Staff of "Green and Gold News"; Business Manager of "Green and Gold Magazine"; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Dance Committee.

"Peewee" is noted for his shyness, but he loves to send "mash" notes to Gena Noyes. There is also a "Bea" buzzing around somewhere.

"PEEWEE"

LUCIEN STOMPER

General Course

Dramatics; School Chorus; Track; Football 2, 3, 4; Art Editor of "Green and Gold Magazine."

"Luke" certainly enjoys drawing funny pictures of his friends. But let his friends see the drawings. Then it isn't so funny.

"LUKE"

EULA WHEELER

General Course

School Chorus; Dramatics.

Eula is always ready to argue in defense of her beloved Castleton. Maybe she will be the school ma'm there in a couple of years.

"EULA"

CLASS SONG

I

Four years we've shared together,
Now our paths lead different ways,
Never again will we gather
As in those dear old High School days.

II

As we go down life's pathway
Still our thoughts will oft return
To the happy days remembered
For them we'll often yearn.

Chorus

For it is
West Rutland High we are leaving
Our Alma Mater so dear;
In our hearts we will always cherish
Fond memories we've shared with you here.
To our classmates, parents and teachers—
We bid you all farewell.
And in the future we'll always remember
West Rutland High we love so well.

—Anna Brink '31.

PASTIME

At the very beginning of this article I feel that I have a slight confession to make. We generally understand the word "Pastime" to mean the diversion or entertainment enjoyed by one in his leisure hours. But after a month of close observation and what I thought to be very skillful deduction I fear that I have succeeded in writing an account of—not how each member of the class spends his spare minutes, but what he is engaged in doing the greater part of the day. Those "spare minutes," I find, are spent in watching the clock, cleaning out lockers, or possibly in a few rare cases, studying. So more accurately perhaps than Class Pastime—Class Activities.

Bruno Accorsi spends at least three fourths of his time taking lessons in boxing. I pity the poor fellow who steals his girl.

Writing letters is, for some people a difficult task, but Alberta Aines seems to consider it a pleasure. Lucky boy! to receive a long letter every day.

One cannot help remarking the change that has come over Harry Anderson. Our shy bashful boy seems to have disappeared, and we find Anderson's day taken up in wondering just how to ask a certain girl in the Sophomore class for a "date."

Rita Baker is not exactly working in the Woolworth Company's store in Rutland; that is she isn't on the payroll, but she gives the manager most of her time.

The class sheik, Billy Burke, spends many long hours preparing arguments by which he can persuade his brother to lend him his car, so that a few lucky Freshman girls can "get a break."

When she isn't week-ending at T. C. A. Dot Chapman always can be seen discussing the object of her visits there.

Margurite Dudley has such a hard time to formulate a conclusion as to whom she likes the best—Tony or Gene.

In Secretarial Training, Hewidge Firliet is still trying to count the number of students who really mind their own business.

Doris Fish sits by the hour wondering when the novels by Zane Grey will be exhausted and what other author can write about her favorite heroes so well.

Gaylord Fish has invested all his money and spends most of his free periods in fixing up his Rolls Royce Roadster so it won't "shimmy" when it exceeds the rate of 35 miles an hour.

When Nellie Graham isn't reading the latest edition of a novel

she is discussing Frank with the girls that sit near her in the assembly; and she is constantly asking them if they really think he will get another car.

Gene Grembo has, we hope, finally come to an agreement with his father as to which nights he can have the family car to take Marg riding.

"Connie" Gibbs can be heard every noon discussing "Beaky" with Eula and wondering if she should drive him back to Schenectady this week-end.

In the Commercial room we can always find Walter Haik earnestly asking Mr. Morey why books contain anything but interesting pictures at which to look at.

In a way all of his own Hubert Humphreys is still trying to think of a way to corner "Genna" and ask her for a date.

Frank Kempisti is always very willing to discuss his old girl friend with a selected few of his friends. We all wonder what caused the "break-up."

In the gym during noon hours, Gertrude Kerrigan is perfecting her dancing. We fear Clara Bow is due for some keen competition.

Edward McLaughlin is in a quandary, trying to decide whether he should become a Reverend or just an actor.

We all have been wondering why Elizabeth McLaughlin is so interested in matching couples in school. Well you know that old proverb about—experience.

Who put that record on again? Pardon me—my error—just Bernard Meyers—still talking.

Virginia Noyes can't understand why Howie can't come home each week-end. Oh, why isn't U. V. M. in West Rutland?

In the history room Thelma Parks is constantly inquiring of Miss Hinchey what would happen if some of the famous people in history had not been born.

"Teddy" Pawlusiak is still trying to figure out some way of installing beds in class-rooms. Nevertheless he always finds time to pester the teachers and students with his amusing stories.

By the lockers we hear Stanley Pietryka discussing the subject of "How to get a more perfect baseball team."

Just a breeze, or can it be a track man? No, just Harvey Piper running up the stairs wondering if the first bell has rung yet.

Pauline Root wonders why they do not install automatic dials

on the telephones in Castleton as to save her the trouble of answering the switch board so early in the morning.

At Polish Polkas we see "Joe" Rosmus trying to increase her speed and really succeeding.

Victor Sevigny spends the English period dreaming about the time when he will become a real aviator

In the Ice Cream Parlor, a hangout for the high school boys, Lucien Stomper asks the boys if they really think Eula means all she says in her notes.

When she isn't writing notes to Luke, Eula Wheeler is busy trying to find someone to pass the important missive for her.

—Anna Brink '31.

MEMORIES OF '31

The month of June is here again,
A month of socials gay;
And to our class June brings this year
Our graduation day.
Four years we have been working
Amid both trials and fun;
But now we leave West Rutland High—
The Class of Thirty-one.

We enter now Life's pathways
With determination great,
And look to Alma Mater
As our leader and our fate.
To classmates and to teachers
We now must say good-bye;
But we'll cherish fondest memories
Of dear West Rutland High.

—Edward McLaughlin, '31.

CLASS OF 1931

Boy	Girl
Best Looking Eugene Grembo	Josephine Rosmus
Cutest William Burke	Dorcas Chapman
Most Popular Stanley Pietryka	Anna Brink
Best Dancer Hubert Humphreys	Gertrude Kerrigan
Smallest Bernard Meyers	Rita Baker
Best Built Bruno Accorsi	Josephine Rosmus
Best Athlete Stanley Pietryka	Anna Brink
Best Actor and Actress Hubert Humphreys	Gertrude Kerrigan
Tallest Gaylor Fish	Doris Fish
Most Studious Frank Kempisti	Constance Gibbs
Romeo and Juliet Eugene Grembo	Marguerite Dudley
Peppiest Theodore Pawlusiak	Anna Brink
Most Pleasing Personality Eugene Grembo	Elizabeth McLaughlin
Neatest Harvey Piper	Josephine Rosmus
	Marguerite Dudley
Quietest Harry Anderson	Hedwidge Firliet
Most Bashful Walter Haik	Hedwidge Firliet
Best Dressed Harvey Piper	Anna Brink
Most Businesslike Bernard Meyers	Marguerite Dudley
Teachers' Pest Theodore Pawlusiak	
Wittiest Edward McLaughlin	Eula Wheeler
Thinnest Edward McLaughlin	Rita Baker
Most Romantic Victor Sevigny	Anna Brink
Most Serene Lucian Stomper	Elizabeth McLaughlin
Cleverest Bruno Accorsi	Virginia Noyes
Class Shiek & Flapper Harvey Piper	Anna Brink
Truest Irishman William Burke	
Quickest Tempered Frank Kempisti	Eula Wheeler
Happy-go-lucky Victor Sevigny	Anna Brink
Woman Hater and	
Man Hater Bernard Meyers	Doris Fish
Noisest Theodore Pawlusiak	Gertrude Kerrigan
Teacher's Pet Hubert Humphreys	Anna Brink
Laziest Theodore Pawlusiak	Dorcas Chapman
Best Natured Edward McLaughlin	Josephine Rosmus
Most Modest Walter Haik	Elizabeth McLaughlin
Most Talkative Theodore Pawlusiak	Gertrude Kerrigan
Class Flower—Rose	

Name	Nickname	Best Girl or Fellow
1. Bruno Accorsi	Snowball	Safety in numbers
2. Alberta Aines	Bert	We'd like to know
3. Harry Anderson	Andy	We know but we won't tell
4. Rita Baker	Rite	Don
5. Anna Brink	Blondy	Bill
6. William Burke	Billy	Too young
7. Dorcas Chapman	Dot	Her brother
8. Marguerite Dudley	Marg	Just can't decide
9. Hedwidge Firliet	Hed	She keeps her distance
10. Doris Fish	Do	All of the Ira "eligibles"
11. Gaylord Fish	Fish	Owens a harem
12. Constance Gibbs	Connie	Bucky
13. Nellie Graham	Nellie	Frank
14. Eugene Grembo	Gene	Marg
15. Walter Haik	Goose	Runs away from them
16. Hubert Humphrey	Bud	You all know about it so we won't have to tell you
17. Frank Kempisti	Frankie	Three guesses
18. Gertrude Kerrigan	Gert	That's a secret
19. Edward McLaughlin	Flopper	His is particular
20. Elizabeth McLaughlin	Libby	Don't you wish you knew
21. Bernard Meyers	Bernie	Woman-hater
22. Virginia Noyes	Genna	Howie
23. Thelma Parks	Tom	No "best"
24. Theodore Pawlusiak	Teddy	Anna
25. Harvey Piper	Hip	Keeps aloof
26. Stanley Pietryka	Sloppy	Mary
27. Pauline Root	Paul	Nelson
28. Josephine Rosmus	Joe	Jack
29. Victor Seigny	Vic	Bea
30. Lucien Stomper	Lukie	Eula
31. Eula Wheeler	Eula	Lukie
32. Clifford Merithew	Cliff	Everyone

Favorite Occupation	Future Occupation	How Distinguished
Typing	Heartbreaker	Slim waistline
Writing letters	School teacher	Her walk
Taking girls' rings	W. R. Night Hawk	Innocent but OH MY!
Joy riding	Housekeeper	Size
Playing tennis	Mrs. Oscarson	By her "line"
Driving his "Chevy"	Chauffeur	Resemblance to Lindbergh
Dancing	Dancing teacher	Blonde hair
Skipping School	Managing beauty parlor	Dignity
Answering back the teachers	Nurse	Reserve
Milkmaid	Marathon runner	Running
Talking about the farm	Ambassador to Turkey	Freight-agent shoulders
Studying	Dean of Women at Bennington	Goggles
Reading library books	Librarian	Curly hair
Meeting at the library	Butcher	Permanent wave
Gazing into a mirror	Advertising Palm-olive soap	The skin you love to touch
Talking about Norwich	Engineer on C. & P.	Military walk
Geometry	Mathematician in W. R. H. S.	Shyness
Playing basketball	Comedian	Laugh
Composing poetry	Author of "How to become a Social Lion"	Smile
Making "love matches"	Successor of Dorothy Dix	Personality
Editing the "Green and Gold"	How to get wavy hair waiver	Wavy hair
Singing	A second Galli Curci	Her dog
Studying history	Matron at Riverside Reformatory	Quietness
Making dumb cracks	Soap Box Orator	Mouth
Planning houses	Designer of homes	Official air
Football	Coach	Mary's shadow
Doing Review Math	Housewife	Slow
Practicing her music lesson	Student of Paderewski	Curls
Writing notes	Aviator	By his white teeth
Drawing	Art instructor	Dragging his heels
Answering Lukie's letters	Selling Lukie's Drawings	Determination
Lengthy	Radio Repairer	By his butlery walk

CLASS PROPHECY.

Ten years after the graduation of the class of '31 or in the year 1941, we thought that it was time to glimpse the earth. The autogyro's being the rage, we bought one and took off from the West Rutland airport. These planes are ideal. They can take off from a backyard or from a dime and land in the same spot, and if you have any particular grievance against any one person, all you have to do is to land on his head and settle the grudge for good.

The whole town was there to see us off on our famous flight and among them was one of our classmates—Frank Kempisti who is now owner of several large shoe factories in West Rutland.

Our first stop was in New York City on the top of the Grand Central Station Building. The minute we stepped from the elevator, a "red-cap" made a dive for our bags. When he straightened up, we recognized our own sky-scraper, Gaylord Fish, now a confirmed New Yorker. We learned that he doesn't drive an "Essex" any more. Now it's an Austin.

We next flew to Chicago, that rough, tough, racketeer town. That night we heard of the sensational capture of that famous character, "Two-Gun Harry" Anderson, whose murders ran up into the thousands, and who had been caught on the steps of the altar by a detective disguised as a clergyman. We remembered him from our high school days—Edward McLaughlin. Miss Thelma Parks, the gunman's bride-to-be, was held for questioning in connection with the trial.

While over the South-east-southern part of Kansas, we were attracted by the squaling of hogs. We landed and came face to face with Victor Sevigny, who has fulfilled his boyhood dream of managing a live-stock farm. He is very comfortably settled with one of his boyhood sweethearts.

Then we stopped at a ranch in Texas where "Teddy" Pawlusiak who was foreman, rode the ranges, herded the cows and branded the "broncos."

We started for California, but motor trouble forced us down at Salt Lake City. We found an old classmate, Walter Hyjeck, was a full-fledged Mormon with three wives to his credit. He even tried to persuade us to join the religion.

Being so close to the haven of the "love 'em and leave 'em" believers, we decided to take a look at the place, which, of course, is Reno, Nevada. We discovered Stanley Pietryka lodged in one of the many apartments. We learned that his romance which had started

in the seventh grade had panned out and he and his better-half had agreed to differ.

Of course, we had to visit the movie city, Hollywood. Every available billboard carried the likeness of our W. R. H. S. "Lindy," William Burke, himself. "Bill" had us out to dinner at his mansion in Beverly Hills.

We arrived in Los Angeles just in time for the "Olympics." Rita Baker took all the cups and prizes that were being offered. She is now internationally known as "the fastest woman on earth."

Then our plane took us to Mexico City where Alberta Aines was directing "The Mexican Follies Burlesque" in the largest cafe in the city.

We flew to Bermuda for a few days of balmy weather, where we were entertained by "Libby" whose last name is no longer McLaughlin. We had an all-day sight-seeing trip, inspecting her enormous onion patches of which she is very proud.

Then we took a trans-Atlantic flight to London where we met the toast of England—Lady Ossified—our own "Connie" Gibbs with monocle and all the fixings.

In France we saw Hedwidge Firliet taking care of all the disabled soldiers who were still left from the war.

Next to Italy! the land of sunshine and olives. We went to a traveling circus in Rome by way of amusement and found that the joint owners of the show were Bruno Accorsi and Anna Brink.

We started for Russia to find out the cause of the trouble that the "Reds" were raising. Here we met "Bud" Humphreys constructing bridges across the brooks. He gave us a piece of news—the announcement that Miss Virginia Noyes, the famous opera singer, was giving a performance in Moscow. "Bud" and "Gena" keep good track of each other, now.

When we reached Africa we heard of a famous game hunter. Of course our curiosity got the best of us and we had to see him. Who was it? None other than Lucien Stomper.

"Bernie" Meyers has established himself on an oasis in the Sahara—a regular desert sheik. He has quite a tribe to support and protect him and is quite a success in his own line.

We came across another old friend in the desert—Harvey Piper who was digging for lost cities but never finding them that we could see.

On venturing into Iceland, that old Eskimo land, we were very pleased and surprised to find the Eskimo progressing very rapidly in civilization and modes of living. This progress is due mostly to

the efforts of Eula Wheeler who has decided to quiet down and devote her life to doing missionary work in the colder regions.

We finally came back to the United States stopping for a few days at Miami Beach in Florida. Were we stunned when we spied—who but Gertrude Kerrigan lolling around in millionaire dollar togs with a swarm of attendant males. She finally told us her story. It seems she nursed an old man (a multi-millionaire) then he obligingly died, and left her a couple of million for being so good to him. Now she's on easy street.

We stopped again in New York and went to Madame Jo's Beauty Shoppe owned and operated by Josephine Rosmus. She caters exclusively to old men who want their faces and figures rejuvenated.

We found "Dot" Chapman traveling around with "Red" Holland's Orchestra with headquarters in Whitehall.

Doris Fish was a social leader in Ira and chairman of the committee on "How To Make Roosters Lay Eggs." Nellie Graham was head librarian in Castleton and we saw Pauline Root washing dishes for a living in the Castle Inn.

When we got almost home our plane broke down entirely and we had it towed to McCormack's Filling Station to be repaired. What a time we had on our trip, visiting all our old friends. Maybe we'll go again some time.

—Eugene Grembo '31

—M. M. Dudley '31

—o—

SENIOR CLASS WILL 1931

In the name of Tradition, Amen, the 18th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one, we the class of nineteen hundred and thirty-one of West Rutland High School, in the township of Rutland, in the county of Rutland, and state of Vermont, being sad at heart at leaving our dear old Alma Mater but of perfect minds and memories, do make and ordain this our last Will and Testament. Principally and first of all we give the clean and unstained name of W. R. H. S. to the undergraduates. May you hold it high in the coming years and when we hear from her in the future may we have a feeling of pride and not of shame.

Item I. We leave to the underclassmen a genuine appreciation for the fidelity they have shown us, for without it our school days could not have been happy ones.

1. Bruno Accorsi leaves his love for athletics to Alfred Meyers. We hope that he meets with as much success as Bruno did, and perhaps we shouldn't confine that merely to athletics. Can't you just see Meyers crashing through the lines?
2. Alberta Aines leaves her position as the Ultra-Modern Girl to Margaret Mullen. Be careful Margaret; extremes are dangerous.
3. Harry Anderson leaves to Duma Werchenski a long manuscript in which he reveals his secret of how to "make the ladies."
4. Rita Baker leaves her date-book for 1931-32 to Mabel Whitmore. Better look for an assistant Mabel, if you wish to keep them all.
5. Anna Brink wills her place on the Proctor bus to Florence Cohen. Now this doesn't mean Center Rutland, Flo.
6. William Burke bequeaths his heartbreaking smile to Albert Edwards to use to good advantage when he meets the Ira girls.
7. Dorcas Chapman wills to Rose de Graff her reservation ticket to the Friday night dances.
8. Marguerite Dudley bequeaths her responsibility as editor of the weekly paper to Mary Plizga.
9. Hedwidge Firliet leaves her frown to Mary Fleming, in case she should need it to handle "Sloppy."
10. Doris Fish bequeaths her run-away walk to Marion Piper provided she doesn't run too fast.
11. Gaylord Fish wills his nonchalant air to Emanuel Levine. But, Manny, for Heaven's sakes, don't use it in football.
12. Constance Gibbs leaves her love of studying to Beatrice St. Arnold. If you have as much success as Connie had you'll be going some, Bea.
13. Nellie Graham bequeaths her "permanent" wave to Rachel Westcott.
14. Eugene Grembo leaves his changeable disposition to Sparky Connell. Sparky, you will need much practice, but Gene seemed to get results.
15. Frank Kempisti wills his perseverance in everything he undertakes to Lawrence Bush.
16. Victor Sevigny wills his "shack up in the woods" to Mark Royce. Don't be afraid of the wolves, Mark.
17. Walter Haik bequeaths his Palmolive complexion to "Blondie" Bush.
18. Hubert Humphreys wills his "boiler", in other words, his pipe, to Johnny Burke. Would Johnny look dignified? Not much!!

19. Gertrude Kerrigan bequeaths her most becoming laugh to Helen Meyers. Wouldn't Helen look big with a laugh like that?
20. Edward McLaughlin wills his right reverend dignity to Alfred Meyers, who, we feel certain would make an outstanding Irish minister of the gospel.
21. Elizabeth McLaughlin leaves her powers as a most ideal note passer to Margaret Mullin, who can always be trusted with secrets.
22. Bernard Meyers wills, devises, and bequeaths his beautiful wavy, shiny, black hair to "Tut" LaBelle. We wonder if "Tut" would look different.
23. Virginia Noyes wills her ability for making young men fall hard to Lizzie Cain. Would Lizzie welcome that help? She would in one case.
24. Thelma Parks wills her famous soprano voice to Eric Carlson. perhaps Eric could then charm a certain someone in the Senior class.
25. Theodore Pawlusiak wills, devises, and leaves his claim on Durgy Hill as an exclusive exercise ground to "Fanco" Guindon who is even now giving him competition to that title.
26. Stanley Pietryka wills his ability as an athlete to "Bob" Smith. This may be a wee bit of help to "Bob" in his future gridiron days as a staggering fullback.
27. Harvey Piper leaves his money making ability to "Dummy" Doff who will have a great chance to make use of it as next year's Business Manager of the "Green and Gold."
28. Pauline Root wills her Nash to Marion Piper so she can have a better racing advantage with the Assembly hall clock.
29. Josephine Rosmus bequeaths all her charms to Lisle Thornton. What a girl Lisle will be!
30. Lucien Stomper wills his cartooning ability and likewise his remarkable ambition to Dick Lamphere. Dick, you'll be a very good cartoonist but you'd better keep your own ambition.
31. Eula Wheeler bequeaths her West Rutland boy-friend to "Connie" Crawford. Take good care of him, "Connie." He's nice.

TEACHERS

TO MISS BURNS—We will a recently published book, "Jerry, Dear." Perhaps it will seem realistic. Who knows?

TO MISS BROWN—We bequeath a book of Parliamentary Rules, so that she and Mr. Morey can peaceably settle their future arguments.

TO MISS HINCHEY—We leave an accurate alarm clock so that a certain young man may know just when to leave.

TO MR. HINCHEY—We bequeath a road map of the city of Rutland so that he may find his way from Park Street to East Center Street. That is, if he hasn't already found the way.

TO MISS MALONE—We will a pair of snowshoes. So that the next time she gets caught in a snowstorm she won't have snow as an alibi.

TO MR. MARTIN—We will our shares of stock in the Standard Oil Company so that his travelling expenses to far off towns may cost less.

TO MR. MOREY—We leave a couple of "six guns" in commemoration of the days when he was known at Lyndon Institute as "Two Gun Morey".

And lastly, we will to Mr. Sevigny a propeller that may be adjusted to his Oakland. Perhaps then he could get some speed out of his chariot.

In testimony whereof we have hereunto set our hand this eighteenth day of June, in the year nineteen hundred and thirty-one.

SENIOR CLASS,

By Gertrude Kerrigan,
Victor Sevigny.

Signed, published and declared by the above named Senior Class as and for their last will and testament, in the presence of us and each of us, who, in their presence, and at their request, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses:

GERTRUDE KERRIGAN,
of the County Rutland, and
State of Vermont.

VICTOR SEVIGNY,
of the County Rutland, and
State of Vermont.



News



On Wednesday noon, April 29, at 12:15, the Varsity basketball team of W. R. H. S. were given a banquet in the Community Rooms of the Library by the Rotary Club. Mr. John R. Dernier was in charge of the meeting. Mr. Hinchey had the basketball boys meet in the Assembly Hall at 5:30 the previous evening to practice songs and cheers for the occasion. Also, in honor of the event, several of the boys wrote speeches and carefully memorized them. However, they were not required to orate at the time.

After everyone had eaten all he could possibly hold, Judge Harold I. O'Brien gave a talk about boys' athletics in general and the relationship between the coaches and players. He told how the boys would be the future Rotarians of the town, and how almost every boy chooses a man to follow and pattern after.



Exchange



This being the Graduation and the last issue of the "Green and Gold" for this school year we wish to send our heartiest congratulations to those schools with whom we have exchanged papers.

Since the April issue we gratefully acknowledge the following:

"The Red and White", Rutland, Vt.—You have a fine, well-balanced paper. We enjoyed reading every page of it. Our suggestion would be that you enlarge your exchange department.

"The Sutherland", Proctor, Vt.—You have a very nice little paper—one that everyone enjoys reading. We find your "Class Notes" well worth mentioning.

"T. C. A. Bulletin", Poultney, Vt.—Your paper is the best that we have received. The editorials were well-written, the literary department quite complete, and the items of school news most interesting.

"Middletown Messenger", Middletown, Vt.—You have a very interesting little paper. It is newsy. Your jokes are very original.

"The Red and White", Sanford, Me.—A good, live publication doing credit to your staff and school. We enjoyed every page of it.

"The Trapeze", North Tarrytown, N. Y.—A newcomer to our list. We are very glad to welcome you and we wish to say that your magazine is very well written.

—Rita Baker '31.



Alumni



Class of 1916

Dr. Stewart Ross is a surgeon in Rutland, Vt.

Rev. J. J. Dwyer is curate in Fair Haven, Vt.

Class of 1917

Harold Anderson is athletic director at Atlantic City High School, Atlantic City, N. J.

James Mumford is employed by the Vermont Marble Company at West Rutland.

Charles Gorham is farming in West Rutland.

Leo O'Rourke is a radio entertainer in New York City.

Class of 1918

George Burns is employed by the Delaware & Hudson Company in West Rutland.

Harry Brown is athletic director at Bridgeport High School, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mary Mullaney is teaching in Unionville, Conn.

Class of 1919

Donald Mumford is salesman for Abraham Coal Co., Rutland, Vt.

Francis Mumford is a marble dealer in West Rutland.

Mary Mumford is a registered nurse in the Boston General Hospital, Boston, Mass.

Lester Fish is a doctor of medicine in Los Angeles, Calif.

Carl Seamans is assistant manager of Hotel Berwick, Rutland, Vt.

Donald Ross is a bond broker in Rutland, Vt.

John McCarthy is instructor of Physics at St. John's College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Carl Johnson is a radio engineer in Chicago, Ill.

Gertrude McNamara is employed by Grace's Furrier Co., Rutland.

Class of 1920

James Bliss is an insurance agent in West Rutland.

Imy Meyers is a merchant in Proctorsville, Vt.



Jokes



Mr. Morey: "Why did you spell Pnuematic, Newmatic?"

Lamphere: "Because the 'K' on my typewriter is not working."

* * *

Bowker: "What's the use of going to college?"

Ross: "None—but what's the use of not going there?"

* * *

Rosen: "What kind of a car have you?"

Levine: "Oh, a runabout. You know—run about a mile, then stop."

* * *

Royce: "What do you think about the Byrd expedition?"

Connell: "Not so hot, not so hot."

* * *

Lubinsky: "Do you like Al Jolson?"

Doloff: "What class is he in?"

* * *

Dunlop: "What is an ice-berg?"

Clark: "Oh, it's a sort of permanent wave."

* * *

Gilmore: "You had better clean your glasses as they are dirty."

Potter: "Thanks. My eyes are bad and I couldn't see it."

* * *

Carmody: "Do you think the newspaper will be replaced by the radio?"

Begley: "Why, no, you can't swat flies with the radio."

* * *

Mr. Morey: "What does the word circularization mean?"

Pawlusiak: "What did you say?"

Mr. Morey: "I've already said it four times, and you all should know it."

* * *

Guindon: "I don't like your mustache."

Doloff: "Well, you don't have to use it for a toothbrush."

* * *

Lane: "What are you doing with that fence post?"

Werchenski: "I'm taking it home for a souvenir."

Lane: "Souvenir of what?"

Werchenski: "Souvenir of my first big wreck."

Fish: "What is an autocrat?"

Taggart: "A crat that drives a car."

* * *

O'Neil: "I'm homesick."

Macheski: "But you're at home."

O'Neil: "That's just the trouble. I'm sick of home."

* * *

Sevigny: "I finally got into the movies."

Kempisti: "Good for you, and how did you do it?"

Sevigny: "I paid the usual fifty cents."

* * *

Accorsi: "I hear that the miners are striking."

Pietryka: "What for?"

Accorsi: "Shorter hours."

Pietryka: "Luck to them. I always did think sixty minutes was too long for an hour."

* * *

Hyduke: "Your coat's ripped."

Sheloski: "No, just the seam's ripped."

* * *

LaBelle: "I don't understand the game. Did I lose that time?"

Humphreys: "Aw, keep your shirt on."

* * *

Haynes: "I can't just imagine my seventeenth birthday."

Bioty: "I know it. Time dims one's memory terribly."

* * *

"Did you want to catch that train?" said the porter to the traveller, red faced and puffing, walking back down the track.

"No," said the traveller, "I was so mad at it, I was chasing it out of the station."

* * *

History Instructor: "What countries are on the other side of the Jordan?"

Johnnie: "That depends upon which side of the Jordan you are on."

* * *

The tomato growers sell what they can, and what they can't sell, they can.

Manufacturers sell what they can sell, and what they can't sell, they can-sell.

* * *

—Bernard Meyers '31

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